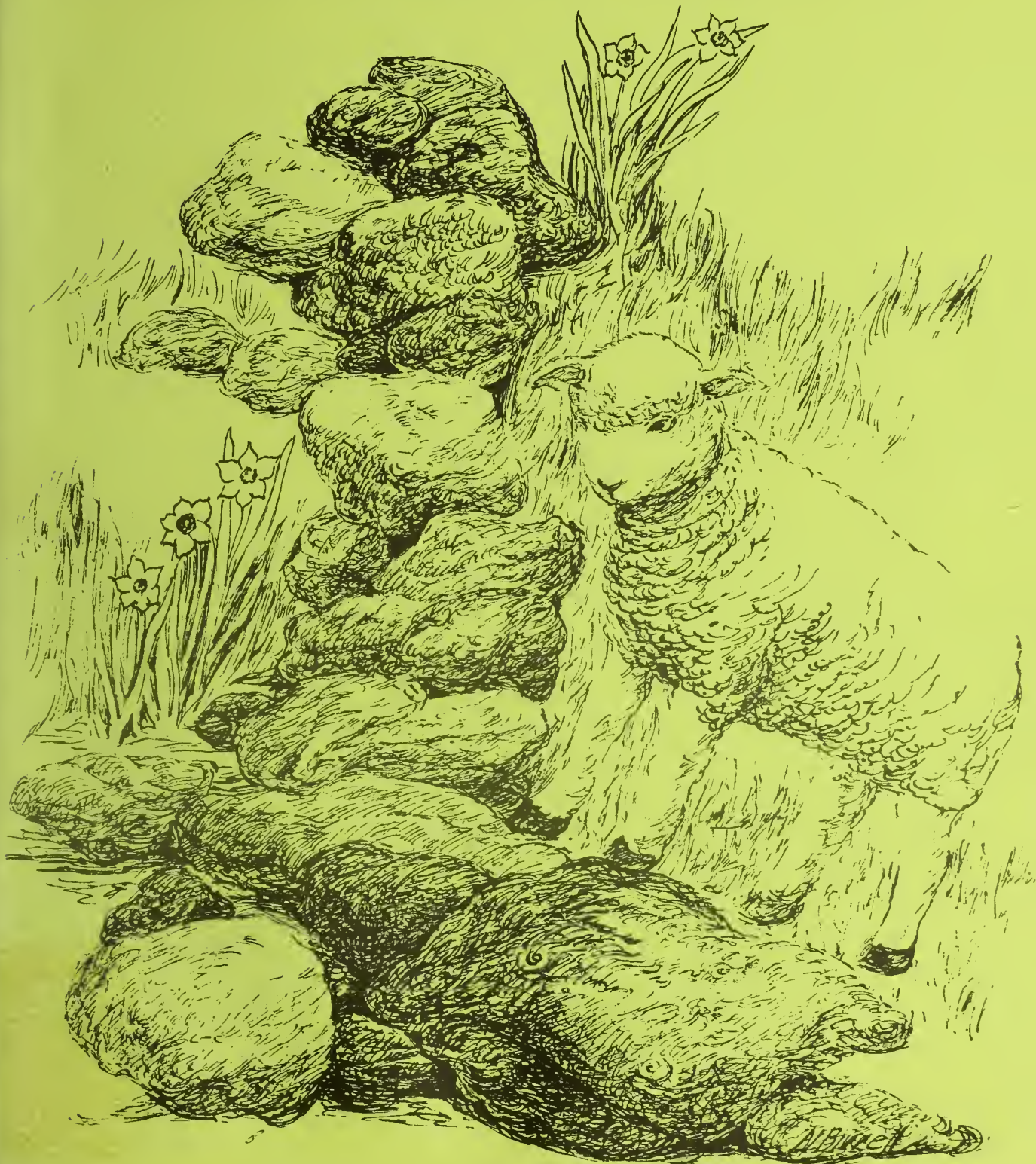


STONE WALLS



SPRING 1982

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How do people function without the seasons as we know them? Obviously they do, and do it well, but how? I need to have felt despair in my life to have felt exaltation. Perhaps that's what winter provides. Hal Borland said that without winter the year would lack dimension. When the cold pervades the house and gray day follows gray day, only the chickadees and blue jays seem to be stirring. The world shrinks to hold the stove, the cat, the dog and me.

Then overnight the change. Icicles begin to drip and the unlocked brook can be heard beyond the pasture. The bottom drops out of our road which the highway department worked on all last summer. It's time to clear out the sugar house and hang the buckets. You can feel the pulse quickening. Time to start seeds on the south window sills. The animals that survived gun, trap and starvation have renewed vigor as green growth appears. Geese who successfully "flew" the gantlet will start new families, provided neither of a pair succumbed. One of the high points of the whole year is the first day you open windows to invite the outdoors in, rather than having it shoulder its way in, accompanying stomping boots.

Those of us who made it through raise our voices together. Glory! Glory! Let's have another go at it!

Connie Danington

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Sevenars Music Festival

by Peggy Hill

When we retired and moved from New York City to one of the hill towns in rural Massachusetts, we were frequently asked the question, "What brought you to this area?" There were reasons for our coming of course, and now we see very good reasons for remaining. We have learned that musical treats are not exclusive to the big cities, but that the Berkshires throughout the summer months, offer a wealth of festivals of one kind or another. One of a special kind and dear to our hearts is the Sevenars Music Festival held in South Worthington during July and August. It was a happy day for us when we were introduced to

the Sevenars concerts and the Schrade family who is responsible for them. For our first Sunday afternoon concert, we rolled up very early at the Academy concert hall, to find Robert and Rolande Schrade dressed like true working artists (jeans and shirts) putting the last touches to the coffee pot and refreshments, and checking that all was in readiness for the evening's performance.

Were they nonplused by such early arrivals? Not in the least. Rather they took the time to make us feel very welcome and somehow cherished, that our presence there was of value to them. And so it has continued to be over the years. There is a very special rapport between audience and artists at the Sevenars Concerts, and this is no accident. It is a gift the Schrade family has of embracing you in their music and their obvious love for it. Most musicians need to perform before an audience, quite apart from mundane considerations like bread and butter. So musicians need an audience, and an audience needs musicians. It is this sense of mutual need of one another that pervades the atmosphere at the Sevenars Concerts. We each have something to bring, so these concerts become our concerts, these artists our special interest, and the responsive vibrations are truly felt. Mind you there's more to it than all this as one can be sure. The standard of musical



talent is absolutely top flight, and without that it would be maudlin to speak of responsive vibrations.

The Schrade family concert, the opening concert of the season, is played to a full house. This is entirely a performance on the piano - solo, duet, duo-piano, and double duo-piano (eight hands, or forty fingers knowing exactly what to do and excel). There is now available a recording made of the family concert given at Alice Tully Hall, New York City, in September, 1980. The family of Robert and Rolande are all adults now, and Sevenars concert-goers have watched them grow up as each member brings his and her individual talent and personality in a maturing artistry and dexterity to the keyboard. In the case of Rolissa and Rhonda Lee, we don't see them performing in concert, but their smiling welcome at the reception desk is an important part of that "atmosphere" we mentioned. As working

hostess/secretary on the scene and behind it, their contribution is immeasurable.

Robelyn is now married to New Zealand pianist, David James. This union brought not only a much loved son and brother to the family, but an exceptional artist. Together David and Robelyn have given duo-piano playing a new dimension. A discipline and technical precision there certainly is, but this would not be enough on its own, important as this is. There is a depth of interpretation expressed in their music which marks them as mature artists of great ability.

In solo performance, David is in complete control of his instrument. There is power combined with a delicacy which is sheer joy to behold. Robelyn continues to endear herself as an artist of increasing skill and depth as her repertoire branches out to a wide field of musical works.

Rorianne, now graduated from Chapin School and a student at Julliard, gave a full recital on her own this 1981 season. It was a memorable experience, combining youthful beauty with beautiful music impeccably performed. How refreshing! And how warmly applauded! The musical world will be hearing more of this talented lass. Randy, at Yale working on a double major - music and economics - gives over his summer to the family and the Festival. His performance with a fellow Yale student, a baritone, singing Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin", was a high-light of the 1981 season. His duo work with Rorianne, and in family concert, show Randy to be a fine musician in true Schrade style. His aptitude as stage manager, parking guide, and public relations man, makes Randy a valuable part of the Sevenars.

Last but far from least, we have Robert and Rolande, the parents and early teachers of this talented family, and the heart-beat of the Festival. In their



own right as pianists they have wide acclaim, Robert internationally. The vision, the planning, the desire to provide a platform for young artists, the putting into effect all these things, this is the work of Robert and Rolande. And work it is, hard work. Don't let us lose sight of this when we are being titillated by a polished performance. It is their careful and forward planning that makes it possible for us to hear such artists as the Yellow Barn Players (David and Janet Wells, cello and piano, with Eric Rosenblith violin and Carol Rosenblith, soprano - a highly acclaimed team); The New England Wood-wind Quintet; The Rose-Nagata-Kregon Trio; Esther Lamneck on her magic clarinet; Michael Rudiakov with his robust style on the cello; Robert Goldsand, Ana Maria de Trenchi Bottazzi, pianists; The Primavera Quartet; The Quintet de Legno, to name



some who have brought us pleasure over the past years. These are all artists of renown, as teachers and performers, some of many years' standing, others building up an international reputation; young artists with so much to offer. This is one reason why such Festivals as the Sevenars deserve our keen interest and support. They provide an opportunity for young musicians to perform in solo and in ensemble work. This past 1981 season there was a young Yale man there as Composer in residence. He conducted a series of classes on the late piano sonatas of Beethoven. This held great interest for a few of us. It had all the advantage of academia in a setting which was idyllically non-academic.

Those of us who have experienced the hazards of the concert-goer in one or any of the big cities, know something about the irritation, for instance, of waiting for a taxi that everyone else wants on a cold wet winter's night; or standing in line for a bus that never seems to come; the problem of parking ones car; or standing in line perhaps for a ticket or cancelled seat. When the concert is over the homeward struggle begins, and any personal contact with the performers is unlikely. One doesn't denigrate this state of affairs; it's an inevitable part of that scene. But by contrast, the ex-city dweller is forcibly struck by the privileges of a Sevenars concert-goer. We wonder if our hill-town residents fully appreciate what they have offering on their door-step. Many do, more could do so.

We drive in the warmth of a summer afternoon through scenic country on rural roads where the traffic is negligible whichever route we follow to South Worthington. There we are met with a welcoming smile, and guided to a grassy parking place. The angle may be steep, but the space is more than adequate, and

the setting is all New England serenity. Our parking guides are often the artists themselves - if not that evening, they will be some other time. We arrive relaxed and full of pleasant anticipation and in a receptive mood for music. We meet and make friends, sip coffee and review the program chalked up on the board. We take our seat in a wood panelled auditorium streaming with light and late afternoon sunshine. The muted murmur in the background is the nearby stream cascading over its rocky bed.

Then on the stroke of five, the historical cast iron bell is struck, the signal to settle down, and our hosts

Robert and Rolande, welcome us and introduce the artists and the program. The manner in which this is done adds another intimate touch to this unique Festival. After the performance, refreshments are served and an opportunity given to meet and speak with the artists. There's still a lot of daylight left and the air is sweet and balmy. We are reluctant to depart as the sound of themes and motives echo in our ear. "If music be the food of love - play on." The world can do with plenty of love and more nourishment of this kind. Each one who goes to a Sevenars Concert must go away enriched.



Grist Mills

Author unknown

At one time there were several grist mills in the town of Worthington. Grist mills were commonly known as flour mills and were powered by water wheels. A load of corn would be taken to a grist mill, sometimes shelled corn, but usually corn on the cob. The bag of corn would be emptied onto a sloping table with sides on it. The corn would slide down the table into a wheel with teeth. This machine was called a corn cracker. It broke up the corn and cob into small pieces which ran from the cracker into a basket on the floor beneath the table. When the basket was filled it was emptied into the hopper over the millstones and the millstone was then turned on.

The corn cracker took a lot of power to operate and would get going too fast unless corn was continually fed into it. The millstones had to be watched closely to see that the meal was being ground fine enough, and the stones were far enough apart so that one was not grinding stone instead of corn. The gate had to be raised and lowered to let the right amount of water onto the water wheel.

The hopper was a four sided bin, sloping to a point at the bottom over the

millstones. There it went through a hole into a small trough. Then it was shaken from side to side emptying the grain slowly, little by little into a hole in the upper millstone. Through this hole grain fell between the two millstones and was ground into meal. The stones did not have smooth faces, but were kept roughened, with little troughs or pathways leading out to the edges of the lower stone, so that as the upper stone revolved upon the lower the grain was ground to meal. It gradually worked its way to the outside of the lower stone and fell into a sloping trough that discharged it at one side onto an endless canvas belt that had little cups placed eight inches or so apart on the belt. As these cups were filled the belt carried them over a pulley to the ceiling, where, as they turned bottom side up, their contents fell into a chute that carried the meal down to a box, underneath which was fastened the meal bag.

The millstones were not just one big stone, but were many small stones fitted together with iron hoops around the outside. The lower stone was stationary and the upper stone revolved upon it. The upper stone was raised and lowered

by a screw device and it had a hole through the center. About once a year the millstone had to be cleaned, which took about a day. The upper stone was suspended between two iron arms. It was raised, swung to one side, turned bottom side up, then its underface and the upper face of the lower stone were picked with a hard chisel-like instrument until they

were sufficiently roughened and the grooves dug out.

For grinding there was a charge of a certain amount per bushel which the customer might pay in cash or pay in grain, the miller taking the toll of so many quarts per bushel. The grain taken as toll was the miller's, but most people paid in cash for grinding.



Going to the Grist Mill When I was a Boy

by Percy Wyman

There were several grist mills still in use when I was young, and Mr. Peebles' mill still ground by stone. It ran by water power from a large brook nearby. Father had our corn, but not the rye, ground there. One day he told me to take some corn to be ground but first to use the corn sheller and shell about a bushel of the best hard corn that I could find. This would be ground into cornmeal. Another bushel of the shelled hard corn was to be ground for grits, but not too fine so that it also could be used for hominy. He also told me to take about three bags of soft corn left on the cob and have it ground for pig food.

It was in March and there was still snow on the ground, so I used a one-horse sleigh. But it was one of those warm Spring days that can come in March. The sun was shining and there was no sign of any snow. So I wore a light coat and only took about two blankets. I put the corn into bran sacks,

then got the horse harnessed and hitched to the sleigh, and finally loaded the sacks of corn into the sleigh and set off for Mr. Peebles' grist mill.

I found Mr. Peebles working at his saw mill and asked him if he could grind my corn. The grinder was on the floor below, so he put the bags of corn into a chute and down they went. I waited while the corn was ground, put into bags again and loaded into the sleigh. Before I could leave, of course, I had to pay Mr. Peebles.

From the grist mill to the Common, it is all up hill. The horse had to walk and while going up the hill, it began to snow. It was a wet snow, and I couldn't let the grain get wet, so I used the blankets to cover up the bags of grain. The big wet flakes melted right away, and soon I was soaking wet. I felt as cold as wet clay. I walked behind the sleigh, shaking with the cold and my teeth started to chatter. Soon the storm passed but then



by Louise Toombs



by Louise Toombs

the wind began to blow, making me feel even more chilled. I think that it was the coldest that I have ever been in my life. Finally we reached the top of the last hill and the horse could trot the rest of the way downhill. Soon I was home, and unloading the grain made me begin to feel warmer. After unloading all the grain, I put the horse in the barn and the sleigh in the shed. Then I went into the house and undressed by the fire. Mother brought me dry clothes, and soon I was as dry and warm as before the storm.

How good heat feels when you've been cold and get warm! Although I had had many chills while wet that day, I didn't even get a cold.

But it taught me a lesson. The month of March is the turning point of the year, and the way the weather changes can be very queer. After that experience, when I went anywhere in March or even in April I always took an extra heavy coat along with me.

(Rewritten in narrative form)



Louise Toombs

by Louise Toombs



Drawing by Laurie Wheeler

Diary of Levi Watson Dimock 1868 - Part II

Wed. Feb. 26 Stayed at A.T. Pierce Went to Mr. Watkins a little while in the forenoon Stayed to dinner with B.F. Willey late in the afternoon went to L.J. Beals stayed over night at A.T. Pierce

Thurs. Feb. 27 We came home from Windsor

Fri. Feb. 28 Some blustering not very cold I went Loudville in the afternoon to see about our grist Went to E. Judds & brought Sarah Pierce to our home Edgar at 32 cts We visted at L. O.

Sat. Feb. 29 A very blustering day drifted a good deal Father & I went to village in the afternoon also L.J. Pierce & L.J. Beals We bargained our village property with C. A. Dewey Price \$2800 I had a pretty bad cold

Sun. Mar. 1 Father & Marion went to meeting I did not go

Mon. Mar. 2 A North East snow storm I staid home

Tues. Mar. 3 A blowing day No use of breaking roads Staid at home

Wed. Mar. 4 Quite a rough blowing day broke the roads from our house to the top of the hill past Henry Strong

Thurs. Mar. 5 I finished breaking the roads to Westhampton line Father & Mother went to village Drew writings with W.A. Little & Co. for our village property

Fri. Mar. 6 Quite a pleasant day I was at home We had Company in the afternoon & Evening. M.W. Hannum & Wife G. W. Cushing & wife E.H. Strong & Wife

Sat. Mar. 7 Drew a load of Hay from Smith's barn in the afternoon Some thawy & considerable warm

Sun. Mar. 8 The people went to church all day. I went in the afternoon Pleasant day

Mon. Mar. 9 Town Meeting I was chosen Highway Surveyor for another year, Surveyor of Wood & Bark Received my order for highway work for 1867 \$45 Paid it toward our taxes I paid G. W. Beach \$20 on note for my Harness

Tues. Mar. 10 I was at home chopped wood at the door Burton changed wagons with us Father & Mother visited at Strong Searles Quite a warm day Thawed a good deal

Wed. Mar. 11 A Pleasant Day We chopped wood at the door Ezbon chopped to change works with me to get some wood for him. Did not freeze much last night

Thurs. Mar. 12 I was at home Sawed wood Ezbon Chopped at the door & Joe also. We had company in the afternoon & evening. A.B. Dimick & wife H. Dimock & Wife E.N. Woods & Wife Aunt Lucy & Mari

Fri. Mar. 13 Rained in the morning Pleasant about 3/4 of the day Thawy & Poor Sleighing We Settled with S. L. Rhodes Book a/c and he gave his note for Twenty Dollars

Sat. Mar. 14 I chopped in the forenoon Went for the Dr. Orcutt for Jane Camp The day was warm and thawy

Sun. Mar. 15 Very warm & pleasant I & Marion went to Church all day.

Mon. Mar. 16 Was about house chopped wood at the door

Tues. Mar. 17. I was at home worked upon the wood pile Warm & Thawy

Wed. Mar. 18 I worked about home in the forenoon in the afternoon I walked to the village attended a concert in the evening at the Cong. Church under the direction of E. W. Hamilton

Thurs. I came home from the village walked home the first sap day of the season A Pleasant Day

Fri. Mar. 20 We Tapped the largest part of our Sugar Place Cool in the morning Sap run very well in the afternoon

Sat. Mar. 21 A violent North East snow storm did not do much but chores. The wind blew fearsome in the afternoon

Sun. Mar. 22 Mother, Marion & I went to church all day the wind blew pretty high We went in a sleigh quite bad going Sap ran some in the afternoon.

Mon. Mar. 23 Pleasant & Warm We was sugaring Shoveled on the Highway towards evening.

Tues. Mar. 24 I was at home sugaring very good sap day

Wed. Mar. 25 Father & I went to Smiths Barn to get a load of hay

Thurs. Mar. 26 We went for a load of hay in the morning First rate run of safe & pleasant weather.

Fri. Mar. 27 I staid at home all day. We had all we could attend to to gather our sap. A pleasant Day Father went to E Judds Auction

Sat. Mar. 28 I was at home all day Sap did not run very much quite warm did not freeze but a little

Sun. Mar. 29 I & Marion went to Church all-day. A Pleasant & warm day Sap did not run very much

Mon. Mar. 30 A town Meeting. Father & I went to the village A Pleasant day. Strong Searls was taken in a fit about ½ past 4 Marian staid there all night

Tues. Mar. 31 I was about house all day sugaring &c (etc)

Wed. Apr. 1 A very Pleasant Day I worked on the wood about 1 hour in the forenoon. Father went to village

Thurs. Apr. 2 Fast Day I did not go to meeting staid at home all day It rained some in the afternoon

Fri. Apr. 3 I & father went to

Northampton carried 5½ Bush Apples Sold them for \$7.50. We deposited \$300 in the savings Bank. Quite a cool day We got our 5/20 Bonds from the Bank Amt. \$150

Sat. Apr. 4 Snowed a little in the morning I was at home Walter Adams was at our house. Marion is pretty near sick Walter staid over-night.

Sun. Apr. 5 A cold & Blustering day there was snow on the ground this morning. We did not go to church Marion did not feel very well

Monday Apr. 6 Snow squalls in the morning I & Jo went to Smith's barn for a load of Hay.

Tues. Apr. 7 A driving snow storm all day I & Joe drew in our logs at the sawmill. We had his cattle to draw them

Wed. Apr. 8 I drew an ash log to the sawmill in the morning Drew wood for Ezbon the remainder of the day from C.H. Strongs lot. I drew six loads for him on a sled. A cold blustering day Good sliding in the forenoon Another cold night

Thurs. Apr. 9 I Drew lumber from the sawmill in the forenoon. Attended Julia Sheldon's Funeral in the afternoon at the church A Cold but Pleasant day.

Friday Apr. 10 Wanted ½# Blk Pepper ¼ Nutmegs 2 lemons (?) oil 1 oz. Indigo

It has snowed very fast all day. One of the toughest of the season I was at home all day. Dr. Wing called to see Marion thought he could help her Brought a load of hay home from Eber Knight

Sat. Apr. 11 Father & went to the village with a sled & two horses. Walter & Mrs. Knight rode with us. We got the Balance of our pay on Blacksmith Shop \$35. We drew the last of our hay from Smiths Barn. A pleasant day

Sun. Apr. 12 Went to Church all day in a sleigh. I & Mother went all day Marion in the afternoon

Mon. Apr. 13 I was at home sawed wood some of the time Rather of a chilly day the ground is covered with snow froze quite hard over night

Tues. Apr. 14 I carried a load of goods for Eber Knight in the forenoon I & Marion visited at M.M. Lymans in the afternoon staid in evening. Went in a sleigh It rained some in the evening

Wed. Apr. 15 I was at home gathering Sap &c It rained some in the afternoon

Thurs. Apr. 16 Worked at the sugar place most of the time

Fri. Apr. 17 I was at home gathering sap & boiling. Father sent Joe to the store for some tobacco & he ran away was gone until Sunday evening when Mr. Knight came back with him

Sat. Apr. 18 We finished our sugaring boiled in the last of the sap rather a chilly day I was at home all day

Sun. Apr. 19 A pretty comfortable day I went to church in the afternoon

Mon. Apr. 20 Rainy I was at home

Tues. Apr. 21 We finished getting up our sap tubs washed them out etc.

Wed. Apr. 22 A very pleasant day Society at A. Gooch I & Marion went: joined the Society

Thurs. Apr. 23 Pretty windy looks some stormy Father & Mother went to the village and I and Jo mended fence part of the time A.T. Pierce Wife & Orrison came to our house staid all night

Fri. Apr. 24 Quite a pleasant day I & Marion A.T. Pierce & wife & Orrison went to the village in the afternoon visited at Mr. Wood A.T. P & folks staid at our house

Sat. Apr. 25 It snowed in the forenoon A.T. Pierce and folks went home

Sun. Apr. 26 I & Marion went to church all day A pleasant day

Mon. Apr. 27 I was at home mended fence

Tues. Apr. 28 Mending fence around spring Pasture Pleasant day

Wed. Apr. 29 We Picked stone from the lower south lot Cloudy looked stormy Went to Jas. Porters in the evening had an oyster supper rainy when we came home

Thurs. Apr. 30 I Picked stone from the oat Piece Quite a warm day

Fri. May 1 Father & Mother went to the village I Picked stone from the oat piece

Sat. May 2 Snowed some in the morning rained hard the rest of the day I was at home did not do very much

Sun. May 3 I & Marion went to church in the forenoon Father & Mother went all day Communion Sabbath A pleasant day A sing to A.B. Dimocks in the evening

Mon. May 4 Picked up stone in the forenoon Fixed fence with Henry Strong in afternoon around the Porter Pasture quite a warm day

Tues. May 5 Father & E.N. Woods went to Northampton We Deposited \$1005.84 in Hampshire County National Bank I & Jo were getting out manure for oats We got Leander Rhoads Cattle

Wed. May 6 We finished getting out manure in the oat piece and commenced Plowing in the afternoon for oats it rained some towards night

Thurs. May 7 I & Marion went to Northampton went to the circus it rained quite smart about noon We got some wet before we arrived at Northampton

Fri. May 8 Snowed in the morning We unbunked the house in the forenoon Picked stone some in the afternoon About 4 o'clock Father & I went to Lilleys,

the Village and A.P. Freemans

Sat. May 9 I Draged the oat-piece in the forenoon. Jo was getting out Manure Father & I Plowed with the horses in the afternoon Mrs. Billings Coit visited us in the afternoon

Sunday May 10 Pleasant I did not go to church was not feeling well Turned out the cows in the Spring Pasture for the first time

Mon. May 11 Cool & Cloudy We Sowed our Oats sowed 7 Bush I dragged them in with the Horses

Tues May 12 Sowed the Grass Seed in the out Piece I Bushed it in with Horses A very Pleasant Day Plowed with Horses in the afternoon

Wed. May 13 finished Plowing the lower South lot in the forenoon rained in the afternoon and all night

Thurs. May 14 A rainy-day Father & I went with Fanny to Daniel Axtell had the use of A.P. Axtells Stallion did not rain in the afternoon

Fri. May 15 Foggy in the morning We were getting off stone from Potato piece in the Porter Pasture worked at it all day Marion went to the village with some Butter for Katie 4½#

Sat. May 16 We finished getting off stone from the potato piece We thought the ground rather wet to Plow Quite a pleasant day Marion watched with Addie Giddings

Sun. May 17 Cloudy in the morning finally quite Pleasant Mr Greenough of Montgomery Preached I went to church all day

Mon. May 18 Rainy all-day fine Grass Growing weather I got Emerson Searl to bleed Dandy for shoulder sprain

Tues. May 19 lowry in the morning Ezbon Plowed his piece with the cattle & Joe had them a little over ½ day father & I furrowed for corn in the afternoon

Wed. May 20 Father Mother & I went to Northampton with two Horses carried about 29# Butter to Mr. Kneel and Paid 42 cts Bought me some clothes cost \$20 Bought Union Pacific Railroad Bonds It rained most of the time coming home

Thurs. May 21 A Hard-rainy-day I was-at home all day We sorted Potatoes in the afternoon Jo was making bar Posts under the shed

Fri. May 22 Cool & some cloudy Poked two of the young cattle in the morning; then Drew off stones from garden piece back of House Rained again just at night

Sat. May 23 Commenced to Draw off stone from the turnip piece Began to rain about 9 o'clock then we came to the house rained the rest of the day I did not do much Jo shelled 1½ bush corn

Sun. May 24 Rained in the morning I & Marion went to church all day Mr. Smith from Southampton Preached did not rain when we went to church Rained again at night

Mon. May 25 Cloudy & rained some I & Jo Dunged finished dunging the lower piece for corn Grass looks pretty well We sent a letter to Geo. Woods

Tues. May 26 Cloudy most of time with some rain Father & I Planted Corn on the lower piece the ground was very heavy Joe Plowed on the first piece by the road We finished We Planted for the first time this Year

Wed. May 27 We finished Planting the lower piece of Corn I Draged the Garden piece with Horses went over it twice. A beautiful day I think the most Pleasant in the month

Thurs.. May 28 Ezbon worked in the afternoon He & father planted corn I & Jo drew dung for corn A very pleasant day Mother and Marion went to the village in the afternoon

Fri. May 29 We Planted corn some of the time was lowry most all day We intended to have finished planting Corn if it had been pleasant

Sun. May 31 The best morning for two weeks Cool pleasant & good air. Mr. Bisbee Preached

June 1 Monday We finished planting Corn I went to the village in the afternoon Jo Plowed on the Hill A good day

Tues. June 2 A pleasant day Father went to N. Hampton Brot home the U. P. R. R. Bonds with him Mr. Chadwick had my mare to go Westfield. He got the difidend from the Bank. I was at home

Wed. June 3 We Planted Potatoes on the Hill A splendid day Society at Edwin Coits Marion attended --She watched with Addie Giddings

Thurs. June 4 A Pleasant day finished planting potatoes on the hill Plowed & dunged the corner piece south of the oats Strung the Lower piece of corn the crows are pulling up the corn

Fri. Jun 5 Cloudy & Looked some stormy We planted potatoes South of the oats in the forenoon Joe plowed back of house

Sat. Jun 6 I & Marion went to Windsor Father went to Northampton with 1 bbl & 20 Gall. cider for L Lewis a very warm day.

Sun Jun 7 We went to church at W. Cummington in the afternoon rained most of the time staid overnight at A.T. Pierce

Mon Jun 8 I went to Hinsdale in the forenoon P.M. I & Marion went to L.E. Bicknell staid over night Warm & Pleasant had a pleasant time

Tues. Jun 9 was quite warm in the morning

Wed. Jun. 10 I went to Hinsdale in the fornoon from Windsor

Thurs. Jun 11 We came home from Windsor it rained most of the time Geo. Clark and wife visited here

Fri. June 12 I rainy day Father & mother went to village in the afternoon

Sat. Jun. 13 Addelaide Giddings Died at about eight o'clock I went to Peru in the afternoon to notify L.J. Beals of the funeral A Warm day I staid over at A. T. Pierce

Sun. Jun 14 I Came home from Windsor & Peru a very warm day

Mon. June 15 A very warm day We commenced hoeing corn in the forenoon Addie Giddings Funeral in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Dow had tea with us

Tues. June 16 A thunder shower in the morning I and Marion went to the village in the forenoon had the horse (Dandy) shod by the Irish man Came home about 4 o'clock A heavy thunder shower just at night.

Wed. June 17 Ezbon worked about 3/4 day. It looked quite stormy in the morning Ezbon helped me shingle over the back Buttery We had cover in the afternoon A very warm day L. J. Beals & wife took tea with us Mrs. Bodman called

Thurs. Jun 18 We hoed corn all day foggy in the morning when the sun came out was very warm We finished hoeing the first piece of corn We joined the Good Templars

Fri. Jun 19 We commenced hoeing the 2d piece of corn A very hot day J. W. Bickinforth? worked about 3/4 day. I paid him \$1 We did not quite finish Hoeing A Temperence lecture in the evening by Mr. Balch Schuyler Clark & Fanny Woods made us a short visit & attended the Lecture



What Do You Do For Amusement?

by Leona Aldrich Clifford

We had one family of relatives years ago -- city folks who delighted in visiting us, their "country bumpkin" cousins on the farm, especially in summer on hot Sunday afternoons. We lived on a hilltop where on the hottest days our porch was a cool delightful spot, and Mother served bountiful Sunday night suppers from our farm produce, such as sweet corn, fresh tomatoes, potato salad trimmed up with hard boiled eggs, home made bread of one kind or another, plus dessert, quite likely a blueberry or blackberry pie or some variety of shortcake with "spooning cream." There was plenty of milk, tea, and always a big pitcher of ice cold water from our well whose bottom was a never-failing spring. To these repasts they were always invited and they always accepted.

Their conversation, every time and very shortly, always got around to: "Whatever do you do here for amusement? Nothing ever goes on, does it? I should think you'd be *bored* to death!" So on and on, *ad infinitum*! It irked me as a child and even more so as an adult when there was almost too much to do, considering the work that had to be done and for which farms are noted, although some times work can be fun and vice-versa.

Our "extra-curricular" activities were many and varied. We went to church and Sunday school and, in earlier days, midweek prayer meetings held in the various homes in town. We had a youth choir that rehearsed once a week followed by a social hour that we enjoyed. We furnished food for and worked on the church suppers every two weeks from April to November and danced until midnight afterwards. Once in a while we went to dances in Granville, Tolland, and Otis. I am sure many readers remember Sammy Spring and his Friday night "Whing-dings" in the Fireman's Hall. We went to many Hampden County League meetings, both in town and in West Springfield. I taught 4H once in a while. Eventually I received a string of coveted pearls that the late Mrs. Dwight of Holyoke awarded for twenty years of service to the League.

Meanwhile "back at the ranch," we usually had plenty of boarders -- city people and the student minister in the summer, sometimes the teacher at Ore Hill school the rest of the year, deer hunters in December, itinerant electric light men, bridge builders, missionaries -- most "stray" outfits coming into West Granville looking for shelter and susten-



ance were apt to end up at our place. For many years a regular visitor, outside of winter time when he was ensconced at the town farm in his home town, was Herbie, an elderly man, tramp if you will, who traveled a certain route and always stopped to visit and get a hand-out of food. If he arrived late in the day, he would ask to sleep in the barn, and we let him. He didn't smoke and Grandpa suspected him of harboring "creepie-crawlies." The hay mow was a safe, warm place -- safe for us and warm for him -- and he always accepted gladly. Each and every one of these people was interesting to have around and to listen

to, and, in most cases, enjoyable.

We enjoyed many outside activities -- picnics, or in early fall, corn roasts, and were very fortunate to be near the Granville State Forest. If it was hot, all who could enjoyed a cool swim in the Hubbard River or explored the forest itself. There were many wild flowers. In one spot there grew a few of the rather scarce purple fringed orchids. There were cardinal flowers, turtle heads, and in the dark, dank spots, beautiful clusters of Indian Pipes. There were tiny frogs and the cute little newts that looked as if they had been carved from cinnabar. The place was full of many interesting and

exciting things at any time of year as far as I was concerned. I have always loved everything in Nature with the exception of poisonous snakes and certain of the spider clan, and most of our guests did, too. I enjoyed fishing and spent many a "happy hour" (no cocktails) fishing the Hunt and Half-way Brooks and the Hubbard River, the latter being one boundary of Grandpa's land. If once in a while my father could join in (for he loved to fish but had little time for it), my day was complete.

There were several springs on our farm. Five were well-known to us. In one, the "cow spring," which had long ago been boxed in to cool cans of cream, there were lots of small emerald green frogs with gold rings in their eyes. I liked to catch them and play with them. I doubt if they enjoyed it, but I never hurt them. They were just fun to look at. Sometimes Daddy would put three or four trout in the boxed part. He said they kept the water clean, but they usually disappeared fast, one way or another. There was a run-off from the box for the cows and they were even let out in winter to go there for a drink -- it also gave them a little exercise, though they seldom lingered long. We had a barn well, but it wasn't a good one, and the cows and horse didn't care for its water and only drank it in desperation when the snow was too deep for them to go to "their spring." In another spring there were a few cowslips and loads of spearmint where Mother gathered and then dried a supply every fall to brew the tea which we were served when winter colds and other ills showed up. Number Three was in our south woods near a grassy knoll where for years on end red foxes had dens. Daddy kept a drinking cup on a stake beside it, for he cut much wood in

that vicinity and he loved a good drink of water. In the other wood lots he had to carry a supply with him. Next was the "clam spring" where, if one sifted the dirt carefully right where the water poured from the ground so fast it never froze over, we often found the minutest of white clams. Near this one was a large stand of trees where the crows nested every spring and where we once obtained one for a pet. We soon got rid of him, for he squalled for food every minute of the daylight hours and needed his cage cleaned every five minutes! The fifth one, the "coon spring," was near the old maple sugar bush with many old hollow trees, the sugar business being long gone, and here my father, who trapped every fall, could be sure of catching at least one racoon and then we had a delicious roast coon dinner.

In the winter things slowed down. That was the time for catching up on many things and for reading lots of books. Sometimes we read them aloud -- such as Joseph Lincoln's Cape Cod stories and Zane Gray's Westerns. They were most interesting, for we almost never saw the ocean and had never got farther west than New Boston. We sewed or crocheted or pieced a quilt or made rugs of various kinds. Mother made most of our dresses and hers, so there were many left-over pieces. Or you could send to one of many places advertised in the *New England Homestead* and get pounds of patchwork pieces from garment shops for a dollar or so. When the top was done, down came the quilting frame from the attic. We put on the quilt with its back and batting and finished it up. Mother always tacked hers. I guess quilting took too much time with everything else to be done, and I never remember anyone else doing it or having quilting bees as they had in earlier

times. Mother tried hooking a couple of small rugs, using two old shawls of Aunt Ann Barlows, one black and one red. They were not works of art, and she preferred braiding. Sometimes she rolled large balls of rags that had been stripped up and took them to neighbors to weave. Nelsie Sheets in West Granville and Mrs. Deming in Tolland both had carpet looms. All kinds were pretty nice to step out of bed onto on a freezing morning! There was no heat upstairs at the old farm!

Finally spring was in the offing. Mother planted her tomato seeds in small boxes which had to be carefully tended.

They were on the kitchen mantel piece nights and in the sunniest windows daytimes. She watered them by sprinkling them with a brush-broom dipped in water. Soon baby chicks arrived and they were followed by our baby pigs. Baby calves put in an appearance from time to time. One St. Patrick's Day our goat, Nanny, presented us with twins. We loved them all. I remember that my affection for one bull calf went through a cool spell when he kicked me in the knee, but that was soon forgotten.

Never a dull moment! After it all we were soon right back where this tale began. Bored? NEVER!



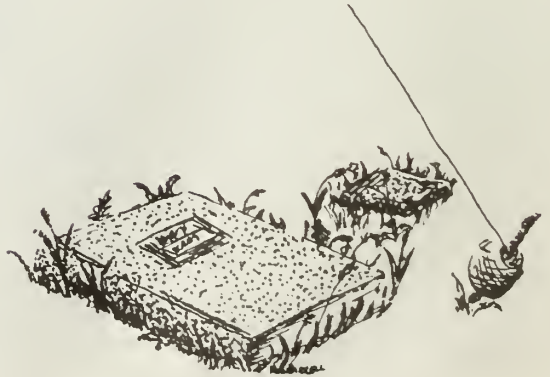
Feeding the Chickens



MIGHTY KITE

*I flew a kite up in the sky.
It drifted very, very high
and I thought, --
if I could only ride
the tail of the kite
then I could hide
in the soft white clouds sailing by.
I could play with the cherubs
and angels there
and no one could call me
and I wouldn't care.
I could throw all my books
and lessons away
and play and laugh all the day.
A gust of wind gave my kite a lift.
I held on tight
in the hope I would drift
over trees and houses everywhere,--
but I tugged too hard.
The kite soon fell!
Dreams are like that.
Guess it's just as well.*

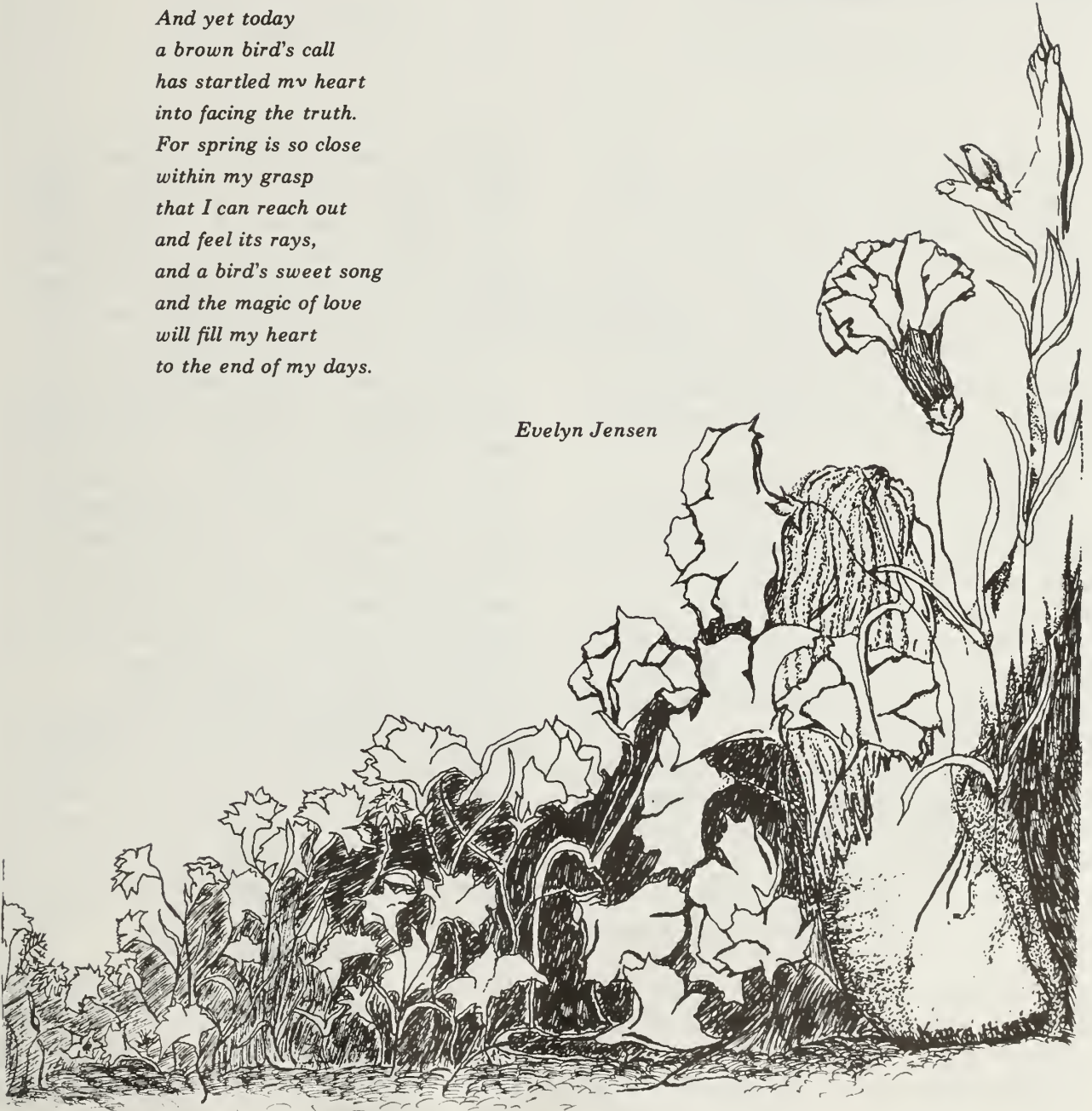
By Evelyn Jensen



A SONG FOR SPRING

*No more for me
the hearts and flowers.
They are put away
with my lost youth.
And yet today
a brown bird's call
has startled my heart
into facing the truth.
For spring is so close
within my grasp
that I can reach out
and feel its rays,
and a bird's sweet song
and the magic of love
will fill my heart
to the end of my days.*

Evelyn Jensen



My Dad

by Henrietta Fowler

My father, Dr. Charles Robert Starkweather, was born in the old Starkweather Homestead on December 25, 1847. He grew up in Worthington but left home to go to work in Boston. He was at one time a page in the State House and also worked in the horse-cars. He was always interested in medicine and studied with Dr. Parsons who was located there for some time.

"Charlie" finally was graduated from Columbia Medical College in New York in 1880. He immediately moved to Savoy, Massachusetts. On October 6 of that year he was married to Louise Fidelia Doten of Middlefield. They lived in Savoy for nine years. Then they moved in 1890 to West Cummington where they stayed for the rest of their lives.

"Charlie" had a very good tenor voice and I am told that he sang in church in Savoy as well as occasionally in West Cummington.

I believe he was well thought of as a doctor, but he was also politically minded and held several town offices in Cummington. At that time there was always a Selectman from each of the villages that comprised the town of Cummington, and I remember in my young years that it seemed the three

Selectmen were *always* M. S. Howes from Swift River, D. E. Lyman from Cummington, and C. R. Starkweather from West Cummington. How many years that lasted I don't know. It is just one of my early recollections. My father was also a justice of the peace.

The people in West Cummington were pretty healthy. It seemed as if we always had everything but money -- cash money that is. Many a bushel of potatoes or cords of wood came to our house. My father loved babies and was popular as an obstetrician. He also pulled teeth! He sewed up cuts that were sustained by any one. He did not like to set any broken bones. Those cases went to the hospital, usually Pittsfield General.

In my Dad's days, horse and buggy or sleigh were always ways of getting around. I have heard him tell of putting the reins around his neck (on a stormy winter or summer night) and telling the horse to "go home" and the horse would get him home safely. No automobile could or would do that today!

As my father grew older he would sit in the yard on a nice summer day and people going by would call out and wave to him. He would always wave and call back, but when they were gone he would

ask, "Who was that?" Eyesight and hearing were not as good any more.

He died in June 1943 at the age of ninety-five years, six months, after a long life and a good one.



Dr. & Mrs. Charles R. Starkweather

Letters

Blandford, Mass.
November 16, 1981

Dear Louise,

I know who Blanche Cannon was. She is the one mentioned in *Stone Walls* in "Leonard's" poem about Blandford girls.

She was the daughter of Franklin L. & Cornelia (Wyman) Cannon -- born May 12, 1878. She married Fred Dalton and died July 30, 1923. Buried in Pine Hill Cemetery, Westfield, Mass.

Her mother, Cornelia, was the daughter of my great, great grandfather, Horatio Wyman.

I'll bet Percy Wyman would be able to tell more about her. I did not know her at all but her name was mentioned in our family.

Sincerely,

Doris Hayden

P.S. "Leonard" did not get her, you see, in spite of his obvious interest.

A Journey Through Blandford, Chester and Montgomery in 1892

The night of October first, I spent at a Blandford farmhouse. I made the acquaintance of the hired boy at the barn while we were putting out the horse, and that creature was no sooner safely stabled than the boy offered to swap watches with me. He said his was a good watch -- first rate, and he pulled it out of his pocket and tossed it fifteen feet into the air and caught it as it came down. I had supposed that watches were solely for keeping time, except the Waterbury variety, whose perpetual possibilities for winding give it double fascination for small boys. At any rate, I had my doubts about an article of this sort which could be used as a baseball as well as a timekeeper, and we did not swap.

Blandford Center is well up in the world. It occupies a great rolling hilltop. Prominent among the village houses are the two white churches. The Methodist church is close flanked by the houses of the townspeople, but the Congregational church is somewhat removed from near houses and stands alone on a little eminence, where a thick grove of pines clusters at a short remove. The church itself has not the company of man, or habitation, or even shade trees, but like a sentinel on duty stands year in and year out the guardian of the town which it overlooks in its lonely battle with the elements.

From here I went to North Blandford. A few miles over the hills brought me to

the little village in its low hollow, where its group of houses, the small church, and the white schoolhouse and the stream in the ravine were all half hidden in the thick greens of the summer foliage, which in this protected valley, had as yet barely a tinge of autumn. The place was attractively rural and quiet. One or two stray cows were waiting by the wayside; an ox team was trundling along the village street; at the schoolhouse it was recess and the children were having a game of hide-and-seek.

I went on up and over the big hills and presently took a road that went down a long, twisting valley with a mountain brook for company, tumbling along through the stony depths of the hollow. This brought me to Chester, a good-sized village of little houses in a broken valley gathering about the two churches and several stores. There are a number of emery mills in the place, and near the depot some granite works. All about are big sweeps of hills, dipping now and then into the narrow, tortuous ravines which wind back among them. The Boston and Albany railroad has its iron path through the valley, making frequent passages over the Westfield river which wanders through the lowlands. A smaller stream, spanned by a number of shaky little wooden bridges, leaps and foams and slides down from the Blandford hills. In the depot neighborhood there is the continuous hammering of the stone

workers, and as you wander about the place you are usually within hearing of the monotonous grinding and crushing of the emery mills. A short climb up a steep, rough wood-road brings one to the mines. Here stand some rude little sheds, which serve as storage places for tools, and a blacksmith's shop, and beyond is a great dump of broken stones. Into the side of the hill, close by, is built a heavily timbered structure something like a small, unfinished room. In one corner is a door, and on opening it one finds a narrow, black passage leading straight into the hillside. However hot the weather outside, the air in this gloomy passage is cool and damp. But to one unused to this sort of thing, the idea of the mountain's caving in on him, in spite of the big timbers close set along the walls, and the lonesome dripping silence of the dark corridor leading away to depth unknown and entirely hidden in pitchy blackness, does not make the position one readily chooses for a loitering place. I did not have to go many yards into the hill to satisfy my curiosity. Then I came out, went down the hill, and continued up the valley.

After a mile or more along the level, I crossed the stream and took a road leading up the northern hill. It went up, and up, and up -- a twisting, ever-climbing roadway through the woods. At its side was a little stream tinkling through the stony hollow it had for ages been wearing. The end of the year was approaching, and there were flashes of color on the maples, and yellow tones were beginning to appear among the still general greens of the forest. On the ground was a rustling of early fallen leaves. In time I came out of the woods, and the steep road was at an end. Here were wide, rolling sweeps of



Drawing by Natalie Birrell

open hilltop, where were many groups of cows, sheep, and horses grazing in the fields. Lines of stone fence zigzagged across the brown pastures and shut in the grass-grown highway. It seemed to me that I had seen no piece of real country in all Hampden County that was more delightful. Both east and west the land dipped into the wooded valleys, and beyond ranges of blue hills towered along the horizon. Nature everywhere here has molded the landscape on a grand scale. The lines of the near sweeps of pasture land were peculiarly pleasing and the changing views one gets of the purple mountains across the valleys are very charming. In many ways it seemed an ideal place for summer residences. It was a quiet warm afternoon; a light wind swayed the long grasses and made the leaves on the trees nod sleepily; a soft



Chester Railroad Station

hazing of clouds was drifting up into the sky out of the west, and the color effects were quite enchanting.

A few miles drive over these broadly rolling fields brought me to Chester Center. It is a quiet little hamlet scattered along the roads which converge at the church. The houses are pleasantly shadowed by elms and maples and have many orchards close about. From here I went down the hill into the eastern valley. The way is long and hummocky and steep, much of it through woods, but with frequent breaks that give delightful overlooks into the valley and of the great slopes opposite veiled with the blue haze of distance. One of the inhabitants commented on the region in this way:

“If people saw these same hills in Switzerland, they’d go into ecstasies over them, but here in New England they’re of no account at all. People will travel the world over hunting for sights worth seeing, but I think they could find within driving distance of home a good

many pieces of nature just as handsome and of the same sort as those they describe as so wonderful in countries three or four thousand miles away.”

I hastened down into the valley and there hunted up a place to stay the night. There was a grandmother in the family where I found lodging, who, at seventy-eight years of age, could still read the newspaper without “specs.” She said that people spoiled their eyes by using kerosene lamps. If they would only stick to their tallow candles, as she did, their eyes would be all right. They made tallow candles every spring, and she said she thought them the very best lights that could be possibly had.

The next morning opened pleasant, a bright sun looked over the eastern ridges and soon dispelled the light mists which lurked in the valley and veiled the hills.

Here in the valley was once quite a populous village, and it had manufacturing enterprise in the way of some small cotton mills. But the mills are a thing of

the past and many of the inhabitants have moved away, and the school of the district can at present muster no more than eight scholars.

Presently I took the winding road by the stream and kept in its company down through Littleville (which is like its name), and Huntington to Russell where I turned northward and climbed the mountain by an irregular road through the woods to Montgomery. The incline became gentler in time and I began to come upon open fields. Then I espied a farmer at work with a pole knocking off apples in a roadside orchard. I stopped to inquire the way. The man came to the fence and having hoisted a foot into a comfortable position on the lower rail, asked: "Be you the feller that's getting up them doings for tonight at the church?"

I declined any knowledge of the proposed doings at the church and learned that a magic lantern show, or something of that nature, was coming to town. I journeyed on over the hills till I came to the churches. There are two of them, white painted, very much alike in size and architecture, facing each other from opposite sides of the road. There was nothing in their appearance and their neighborly proximity to suggest that different denominations worshiped in each. From here I turned eastward and went on over the pleasantly rolling hill-top till the land took a sudden pitch downward and I had the vast sweep of the Connecticut valley outspread before me, with the Mount Tom range northerly, looming up in the blue haze that overspread the landscape. I went down the long hill with its beautiful outlooks till I came to the plains that lie below. The pleasant hamlet of West Farms was passed, and then the sandy

levels with their young tree-growths and small, scattered houses on the way to Westfield. From there I followed along the river in the quiet afternoon sunlight, and toward evening crossed the old toll bridge which spans the Connecticut, and entered Springfield. Oddly enough, just as I turned up to a hitching post, one of the front wheels of the buck-board came off. It seemed a lucky chance that this should happen at the very close of the journey and not on one of the long roads, far from houses and repair shops, that I had been traveling all day. As it was, I tied together the crippled vehicle and hobbled it over to a machinist's, and soon it was "as good as new," as the saying goes.



This narrative was excerpted from an article in PICTURESQUE HAMPDEN, Charles F. Warner, Editor, and Clifton Johnson, Art Manager, Picturesque Publishing Company, Northampton, Mass., 1892.

Spring Harvest

by Lucy Conant

Usually the harvest season means summer and early fall, but on my small farm two important harvest crops come in the early Spring. For it is in March that the lambs are born and the maple syrup season is at its peak. Spring is not only the traditional lambing season, but hopefully the below zero temperatures are past and also the lambs will be big enough to eat grass along with their mothers when they go out to pasture in early May.

Since my farm is a one-woman operation, March is a very busy time of the year for me. There may be welcome lulls when no lambs are born and the temperature is too cold for the sap to run, but the timing is very unpredictable. I try to get wood cut and major household chores done ahead of time and plan not to make definite appointments and commitments in March. When asked to attend a meeting or do something specific, my usual response is to say, "It all depends on the weather and the lambs." My friends know by now not to expect much from me during the Spring harvest season.

The sap buckets are emptied by hand, so when the sap runs, I run. I boil down

the sap as much as possible outdoors on an improvised fireplace made from concrete blocks. This means that you can't boil sap if the weather is stormy. The syrup is finished off on an old electric stove in what used to be a summer cottage. On busy days I may be collecting sap, boiling down sap outdoors and finishing off a batch of maple syrup on the stove all at the same time. Needless to say, any friends or relatives who visit at such a time are immediately put to work. Putting out 35 sap buckets and making perhaps fifteen gallons of maple syrup doesn't sound very impressive, but that means that approximately six hundred gallons of sap are carried by hand to the storage containers. If there is much snow on the ground or it is slippery, carrying pails full of sap can be a real challenge. It does get rid of any flabby muscles from winter inactivity and by the end of the maple syrup season, I am in good physical condition for upcoming summer activities.

Like other babies, lambs are unpredictable in their arrival. I know when to begin to expect the first lambs by counting up 21 weeks from when the ram was put with the ewes. So by then I try to

be ready with lambing pens, extra water buckets and the baby box of lambing supplies. Before going to bed at night, I check on the sheep and then the question always is whether or not to get up in the night. Sometimes even if I do check during the night, I am surprised by a proud new momma with her lamb or lambs when I go out to the barn the first thing in the morning. Usually the sheep can manage fine by themselves, but there is always that "if" - and I like to be there to make sure that everything is all right. This is true particularly if the weather is very cold, if the ewe is likely to have twins or is a first time mother.

When I go out to the barn during the night, Jason, my big black dog always goes with me and waits patiently outside the barn until I am ready to return to the house. He must wonder about all this strange activity in the middle of the night. On occasion, I have taken my sleeping bag out to the barn and have slept there on top of bales of hay for part of the night.

In the midst of tending my Spring crops of maple syrup and baby lambs,

there are moments to enjoy the change in the season - to feel the warmth of the sun despite a cold gusty northwest wind, to watch a flock of geese flying north, to listen to the brook roar after a heavy rain or snow melt and to see the first crocus in bloom on the south side of the house. I am outdoors at all times of the day and night, and while March in New England is not known for its good climate, it is an exciting time of year weatherwise with a blizzard or a heat wave equally possible.

After the lambs have been born and the maple syrup season is over, there usually is a welcome lull before the weather warms up and the soil is dry enough to begin tilling the vegetable garden. However, this past Spring I took down the sap buckets one day in early April and began work with the rototiller in the vegetable garden the next day. But as the planting season was about to begin, ten healthy frisky lambs were playing in the sheep yard and rows of filled maple syrup jugs lined the shelves of the cold cellar. It had been a good Spring harvest.



Worthington Roads

compiled by Ida Joslyn

The names in most New England towns tend to be logical, practical and matter-of-fact.

In Worthington there are forty-five named roads. Of these, thirty-one bear the names of people who once lived on each one. These were not generally people of particular importance. The road was simply identified by its residents. For example, Buffington Hill Road is so named because Major Buffington lived at the top of the hill; Lindsay Hill Road (originally Lindsley) because Mr. Lindsley had a tavern on that road in West Worthington. On Prentice Road was the Prentice farm. Curtis, Patterson, McCormick and Scott are all families now long gone but whose names still indicate the roads by which their farms could be reached. Ring Road, however, was once called Will Smith Road but was renamed in 1957 to honor the more prestigious Ring families of South Worthington. 1957 was the year the road signs, presented to the town by Nathaniel Glidden, were put on all the roads.

In all the hodge-podge of material about the Starkweather family, there is one line that says that "James built the house in 1772." There was an Ezra Starkweather who settled in Worthington in 1785, and by several accounts it was Ezra who brought up James' son, Joseph, after James's death. At any rate,

it was one of them who built the house at the far end of Starkweather Road, and the Starkweather family lived in it until it burned in the 1890's.

The early name of Radiker Road was East Street. On April 20, 1892 Nellie and Peter Radiker acquired the house on the corner of Radiker Road and Rte. 112. This house was built in 1848 by John Adams, and is now owned by Carl Joslyn. Mrs. Helen Bretzner, who was Mrs. Radiker's niece, told Mrs. Joslyn that the house was presented to Nellie Pease Radiker by her father, Harry Pease, as a wedding present. At any rate, their name was then given to the road.

Other roads bear equally practical names indicating destinations: Huntington, Williamsburg, North Chester, Old Cummington. Or they may indicate direction: Old North Road, West Street, and East Street which changed to Radiker Road as noted above.

A few names come from the location of the road: Old Main Road, River Road, Ridge Road, Dingle Road. Some are named for a rather obvious landmark: White Rock Road and Indian Oven Road. The latter is somewhat more fanciful since it is perhaps not an Indian Oven but a rock that resembles one. As a road name, however, it is as practical and matter-of-fact as the rest. So is Old Post Road, though the name was originally

Old Chesterfield Road. It was changed in 1957 to Old Post Road in recognition of the days gone by when a part of the road was traveled by stage coaches running from Albany to Northampton and to Boston.

Two road names baffle this writer since they are not recognizable in any of the above categories and yet cannot be just fanciful --

Why Guard Road?

Why Cold Street ?

KINNEBROOK ROAD

by Beverly F. Smith

Worthington Historical Society
September 12, 1981

KINNE BROOK ROAD - Reportedly takes its name from the brook nearby - Kinne Brook - which in turn was named after one of the early settlers. Thomas Kinne was born in Voluntown, Ct. in 1717, journeyed with his wife, Hannah, to Worthington, purchasing Lots #63, #119, #124, and later #62. His home was built west of the dwelling currently owned by Anthony Lake. Active in the early politics, he was one of six put on a "Committee of Correspondence" when news came of Boston's problems prior to the Revolutionary War, and he also served as selectman in 1769, 1776, and 1777.(1) Thomas and Hannah were among those who organized the first church in 1771. Little appears known of their children (if any) or where the family might have gone after leaving Worthington.

Arriving from Voluntown, Ct. soon

after Thomas, Jeremy Kinne purchased Lot #15 in 1771, (Property now owned by Downey on Old North Road). Jeremy served in the Revolutionary War with the rank of Sergeant, and was killed in this conflict. His property was subsequently transferred to his brother, Daniel, who settle here with his wife, Patience, raising a family of 7 children. In 1798 Daniel added to his land holdings by purchasing Lot #189.

At the time that Plantation #3 was incorporated into the Town of Worthington, John Kinne was elected selectman - John having come here with his wife Anna and two sons, Roger and Elisha, from Connecticut and purchased Lot #25 - currently the Golf Club property. Upon the death of John, sons Roger and Elisha sold the farm and Roger moved to Ireland St., West Chesterfield, purchasing the farm across from the Ireland St.Cemetery. John and Anna are buried in Center Cemetery as is Jeremy.

In 1770, Robert Kinne is recorded to have purchased Lot #182, but there seems to be no further mention of Robert Kinne.

Jeremy, Daniel, and John were brothers - being sons of Jeremiah Kinne of Voluntown, Ct. It seems likely that Thomas might also have been a brother since he too came here from Voluntown.

According to papers of the Historical Society written by Edward Clark, "Kinne Brook Road is supposed to be the first town-built road...beginning at the town line near Mr. Thomas Kinne's house, past Mr. Biglow's north in the most convenient points.....past the Center and Corners to the home of Jeremy Kinne - at that point turning east then north to the Zephaniah Hatch home (now owned by Courtland Higgins) and continuing to the Knapp home in Plantation #5."

THRASHER HILL ROAD

by Marion R. Sweeney

Worthington Historical Society
September 12, 1981

Once upon a time very long ago, in the southernmost part of our town there was a busy, bustling little village called then as it is now, South Worthington. It was an active little community with its own church and school, post office and general store, basket shop, blacksmith shop and a variety of other small industries. At the center of this village, three roads converged by the narrow but fast-flowing stream of the Little River. One road led north to Ringville, Worthington Center and the Corners and somewhere to the south of the village center there was an Indian trail which followed the river toward Knightville and Norwich Village. The second road wound its way eastward to Chesterfield, and the third road which is the subject of our story and is known as Thrasher Hill Road, climbed the steep hill to the west. At the top of the hill it turned sharply and followed the ridge known as Gosse Hill. Eventually after crossing the old iron bridge at Knightville and a covered wooden bridge farther along, it arrived at Norwich in the valley below.

But let us return to the crossroads at South Worthington and to the sturdy little road up the hill for that is the subject of our story. In the "olden days" this road was known as Burton Hill Road after the Burton family who lived and farmed in the meadows at the top near to where the Smith family now lives. Town records show that the Burtons had settled in South Worthington by 1783. However after 1840, the Burtons disappear from the records and there is some evidence

that they moved from the road that bore their name to a city that now bears their name, Burton, Ohio. And so Burton Hill Road it remained for at least another hundred years, when in the mid 1940's, the township of Worthington reviewed its placenames and Burton Hill Road became Thrasher Hill Road.

The new name seems to be especially appropriate. The Thrasher family had settled in South Worthington about 1800 and had acquired over 200 acres of land which encompassed much of the village center and extended westward into the hillside. About halfway up the road as we know it today, Isaac Thrasher in 1851 built a large farmhouse into which his son and daughter-in-law, George and Hattie Lyman Thrasher moved in 1893. In this house they raised their five children and while George farmed the land Hattie served as the village postmaster and kept the general store. Two of those five children now live and are well known to many of you. They are Libeon Thrasher Damon 91, and her brother Guy who is 81.

Members of this family have married into other families whose names are at the heart of our town's history; names as Burke, Cole, Converse, Cowing, Higgins, Leonard, Pease, Pomeroy, Thayer and others. As far as we know, all of their descendents except one have moved away, either to other parts of town or to places beyond our borders.

Time, custom and the elements change all people and all places. The busy little village has become a quiet hamlet and quiet roads have become busy highways. One road, much improved of course, still leads north to Ringville, Worthington Center and beyond; southward, the Indian path has become its extension, been redefined and the whole is now a

part of Route 112. The second road still winds to the east toward Chesterfield. However, the third, Thrasher Hill Road, seems to have escaped much of that change; it still climbs the hill past the site of the old homestead. And there at the foot of the hill, *Guy Thrasher tends his small farm which borders the barely visible edge of his mother's rose garden; he still taps the tall maples of the village and nourishes the land from which he and his forebears came. This quiet gentleman with the gentle manner and courteous way, our good friend Guy, has come to be, "the last leaf upon the tree".

*Vol. 2 # 2 featured an article on Mr. Thrasher.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Salmon Falls- Believe it or not salmon spawned by the thousands in the streams running into the Westfield River. Every spring they would swim up the river to lay their eggs and to soon after die. Large amounts were caught in nets on their journey to their home river.

Crow Bridge- Believe it or not there was one covered bridge in Montgomery, it was called Crow Bridge. They did not build many bridges after a few washed out, so they had to make roads which went around the river.



A Spring Dip

by Jean J. Cooper

Most country kids have fallen into a brook at one time or other but how many of you have turned blue in the process? I don't mean "blue with cold" either.

It was about fifty years ago that my brother, sister and I attended the Riverside School in Worthington. There were only two of us in the sixth grade, Doris Pomery and myself. In the whole room there were not more than a dozen or so children. There were the Pomeroy's, the Edwards, the Corbett girls, Dot Tower, Peg Snyder, Jimmy Murphy and us. Like our class-mates, we hiked to school. For us that meant crossing a sloping field, going through a wood (where trillium and skunk cabbage grew) and coming out by Snyder's farm on the lower road, then walking some distance to the school. Or we could take the short cut down by the barn, through a pasture, through another wood, cross a brook on stepping stones and come out a little farther down the road.

My brother earned \$1.25 a week by sweeping the schoolroom floor daily and keeping the wood-box filled. One of the older boys lit the fire and helped keep it going. Usually my sister and I stayed after school to help Alfred. Since school got out at four o'clock it was just about dark sometimes when we reached home.

After the rigors of winter and with no snow days off from school the spring was a welcome relief. There were new

wonders to behold; wild flowers along the way, a logging camp close by to visit—where we first saw a newly born baby (born right there of course) and best of all there was warm sunshine.

One noon-time after we'd eaten our lunches some of us decided to play on the stones of the nearby brook, with shoes on of course. We had a great time until I slipped and fell in. The hand-me-down dress which I wore had been dyed dark blue. After the dunking every thing else I had on was also blue. That was before the days of drip-dry clothes. The boys had quite a laugh at my expense and a sorry sight I was, standing there with blue water pouring from me. The teacher sent me to the home of Mrs. Cudworth, where she boarded.

Never has an afternoon been more indelibly stamped on my memory. Probably Mrs. Cudworth removed the wet garments and dried them by the stove, but all I remember is her sunny work-room, filled with rug frames and baskets of lovely bright colors. I was in heaven itself as I watched her hook rugs and gloried in the colors around me. That day pointed me toward a life-time of enjoyment in hand-crafts.

Did I return to school that day? How handy that just as I was leaving the Cudworth house I met the other kids coming home!



The Fortitude of the Swallows

By Helen Scott

As a group of feathered insect-eaters, Swallows are referred to as “denizens of the air” because they literally live in the air in order to stay alive on their insect diet. The long wings and small feet and the short, broad, deeply cleft bills make them expertly fitted for catching insects as they fly and dart about.

Swallows nest in our barn and sheds, and under the eaves of the buildings. We are grateful to these graceful little skimmers and divers for their friendliness and pest-ridding eating, so we watch their nest building and the care they give their fledglings.

Last Summer, a torrential all-night downpour loosened the Swallows’ mud nests under the eaves; just bits of nests and broken white and brown-speckled eggs strewn on the ground were found in the morning. However, the Swallows began immediately to carry material to the opposite side from the previous nests, and elongated them against the building. They were very sturdy looking, and we were glad that new families were planned.



When we saw house-keeping carry-away chores being started, we knew that new broods had hatched.

It seemed as if those poor parent Swallows were not to have families that summer when incessant high winds struck one night, knocking all those sturdy nests to the ground again! Early in the morning I searched everywhere, hoping to find a few babies which might have survived.

Those Swallows with nests inside the building were not affected by the rains and winds, so they were still flitting about as usual. Even so, it was with a grieving heart that I watched them.

Several days after the extremely high winds, I was preparing to drive the car out of the shed when bird droppings on top caused me to look up to see mother and father birds squatted on the cross beams with their tiny families!

In all probability, when the nests were dislodged, the parent birds carried each baby up to those beams since the broods were not yet equipped to fly.

Admirable parental-love acts, such as these faithful birds lived through, are not uncommon in wild and domestic creatures; we may consider ourselves fortunate to witness their abilities to cope with disasters.



Drawing by Simon Draper

Genealogical Queries

Interested in ancestors of Nathan "Ester" or C. Brooks. Born about 1779 in Rehobeth, Ma. Married Eunice Weeks, 1808 of Norwich, Ma.; she was the daughter of Hezekiah and Ruth Cole Weeks. Children were Eunice, Nathan, Horatio, Levi, Rhoda, and Samual. Please contact;

Mrs. Alvin A. Rejniak
414 Coles Meadow Road
Northampton, Ma. 01060



Need Parents of Solmon Searls, born Southamton, Ma. He was Rev. War Solider.

Mrs. Thelma Wells
Frost Rd.
Washington, Ma.



Would like to hear from anyone with the name of Lyman who may have had an ancestor Hattie who Married Jahail Daniels of Washington, Ma. in early 1800.

Grace Wheeler
Worthington Road
Huntington, Ma. 01050

Desire contact with descendants of Peter Atwood, who perhaps married Indian from Knightville area of Huntington, Ma., had daughter Sophia who married Joe Daniels, of Washington, Ma. early 1830s.

Mrs. Grace Wheeler
Worthington Road
Huntington, Ma. 01050



Haley Family, Pownel Vt. 1804. Need any information on Benjamin, William and Rueben Haley, Possibly brothers.

Mrs. Thelma Wells
Frost Road
Washington, Ma.



Anyone knowing anything about a Jack McBride who may have attended school around 1800 at the Norwich Bridge School in Huntington, Ma. please contact:

Huntington Historical Commission
Huntington, Ma. 01050

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